

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,  
Cleopatra's Maistie:  
Attalanta's better part,  
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.  
Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,  
by Heauenly Synode was denis'd,  
Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,  
to haue the touches deereft pris'd.  
Heauen would that shee these gifts should haue,  
and I to line and die her slaue.*

*Ref.* O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Loue haue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

*Cel.* How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him firrah.

*Clas.* Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

*Cel.* Didst thou heare these verses?

*Ref.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

*Cel.* That's no matter: the feet might beare 5 verses.

*Ref.* I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

*Cel.* But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

*Ref.* I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Tro you, who hath done this?

*Ref.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

*Ref.* I pre'thee who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

*Ref.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ref.* Nay, I pre'thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

*Ref.* Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I pre'thee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I pre'thee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your belly.

*Ref.* Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ref.* Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

*Cel.* It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the Wraflers heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

*Ref.* Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

*Cel.* I faith (Coz) tis he.

*Ref.* *Orlando*?

*Cel.* *Orlando*.

*Ref.* Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword.

*Cel.* You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a *Catechisme*.

*Ref.* But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he Wrafl'd?

*Cel.* It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd *Acorne*.

*Ref.* It may vvel be call'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

*Cel.* Giue me audience, good Madam.

*Ref.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

*Ref.* Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvel becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla, to the tongue, I pre'thee: it curuetteth vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

*Ref.* O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ref.* Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

*Enter Orlando & Iaques.*

*Cel.* You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

*Ref.* 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

*Iaq.* I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

*Orl.* And so had I: but yet for fashion sake

I thanke you too, for your societie.

*Iaq.* God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Iaq.* I pray you marre no more trees with Writing Loue-songs in their barkes.

*Orl.* I pray you marre no more of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

*Iaq.* *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Iust.

*Iaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Iaq.* What stature is she of?

*Orl.* Iust as high as my heart.

*Iaq.* You are ful of pretty answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & con'd the out of rings?

*Orl.* Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions.

*Iaq.* You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our Mistis the world, and all our miserie.

*Orl.* I will chide no Breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

*Iaq.* The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

*Iaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

*Iaq.* There I shal see mine owne figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

*Iaq.* Ile carrie no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

*Ref.* I will speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear For-

*Orl.* Verie wel, what would you? *(rester.)*

*Ref.* I pray you, what's it a clocke?

*Orl.* You should aske me, what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

*Ref.* Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else sighing euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre would detect the lazie foot of time, as well as a clocke.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of time? Had not that bin as proper?

*Ref.* Bynno meanes sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles with-

all, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pre'thee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ref.* Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seuen yeare.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ref.* With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gownt: for the one sleeps easily because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wasteful Learning; the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie. These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ref.* With a theefe to the gallows: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himselfe too soon there.

*Orl.* Who staies it still withal?

*Ref.* With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they percieue not how time moues.

*Orl.* Where dwel you prettie youth?

*Ref.* With this Shepheardeste my sister: shee is in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you natue of this place?

*Ref.* As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

*Ref.* I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake; who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences: as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of wom?

*Ref.* There were none princip one another, as halfe pence are, monstrous, til his fellow-fault came.

*Orl.* I pre'thee recount some of

*Ref.* No: I will not cast away my time that are sicke. There is a man ha buses our yong plants with caru barks; hangs Oades vpon Hawth brambles; all (forsooth) desying If I could meet that Fancie-mong some good counfel, for he seemes of Loue vpon him.

*Orl.* I am he that is so Loue-

me your remedie.

*Ref.* There is none of my Vn he taught me how to know a man of rushes, I am sure you are not pr

*Orl.* What were his markes?

*Ref.* A leane cheek, which ye and sunken, which you haue not: rit, which you haue not: a beard haue not: (but I pardon you for th

uing in beard, is a yonger brother hole should be vngarter'd, your b sleue vnbutton'd, your shoo vnt

about you, demonstrating a carel are no such man; you are rather p

constriments, as fouing your selfe uer of any other.

*Orl.* Faire youth, I would I co

*Ref.* Me beleuee it? You may you Loue beleuee it, which I wa then to confesse shee do's: that is

which women stil giue the lie to in good sooth, are you he that h

Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so adm

*Orl.* I sweare to thee youth, *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfort

*Ref.* But are you so much in lou

*Orl.* Neither time nor reason

*Ref.* Loue is meereley a madne

serues as wel a darke house, and

and the reason why they are not

that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, l

loue too: yet I professe curing it

*Orl.* Did you euer cure any fo

*Ref.* Yes one, and in this man

gine me his Loue, his Mistis: an

to woeme. At which time would

youth, greeue, be effeminate, cha

liking, proud, fantastical, apish,

of teares, full of similes; for euerie

for no passion truly any thing, as

for the most part, cause of this co

him, now loath him: then entere

him: now weepe for him, then sp

my Sutor from his mad humor of

of madnes, & was to forswear th

and to liue in a nooke meereley M

him, and this way will I take vpon

uer as cleane as a sound sheepe h

be one spot of Loue in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, yo

*Ref.* I would cure you, if you

find, and come euerie day to my C